money expended, but in the amount of brains ;—in the artistic intelligence and careful and earnest pains with which every detail is studied and worked out. Nor is there any reason why Mr. Irving or any other foreigner should have a monopoly of either intelligence or pains. They are common property, and one man's money can buy them as well as another's. The defect in the American manager's policy heretofore has been that he has squandered his money upon high salaries for a few of his actors and costly, because unintelligent, expenditure for mere dazzle and show."

William Winter soon became a great personal friend of ours, and visited us in England. He was one of the few *sad* people I met in America. He could have sat upon the ground and told " sad stories of the deaths of kings " with the best. He was very familiar with the poetry of the *immediate* past—Cowper, Coleridge, Gray, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and the rest. He *liked,* us, so everything we did was right to him. He could not help being guided entirely by his feelings. If he disliked a thing, he had no use for it. Some men can say, " I hate this play, but of its kind it is admirable.*' Willie Winter could never take that unemotional point of view. In England he loved going to see graveyards, and knew where every poet was buried.

His children carne to stay with me in London, When we were all coming home from the theatre one night after " Faust" (the year must have been 1886) I said to little Willie:

" Well, what do you think of the play ? ”

”Oh my!" said he, " it takes the cake/'

<f Takes the cote I" said his little sister scornfully, " it takes the ice-cream ! "

" Won't you give me a kiss ? " said Henry to the same young miss one night. " No, I *won't,* with all that blue